BOY WATCHERS

$5.00

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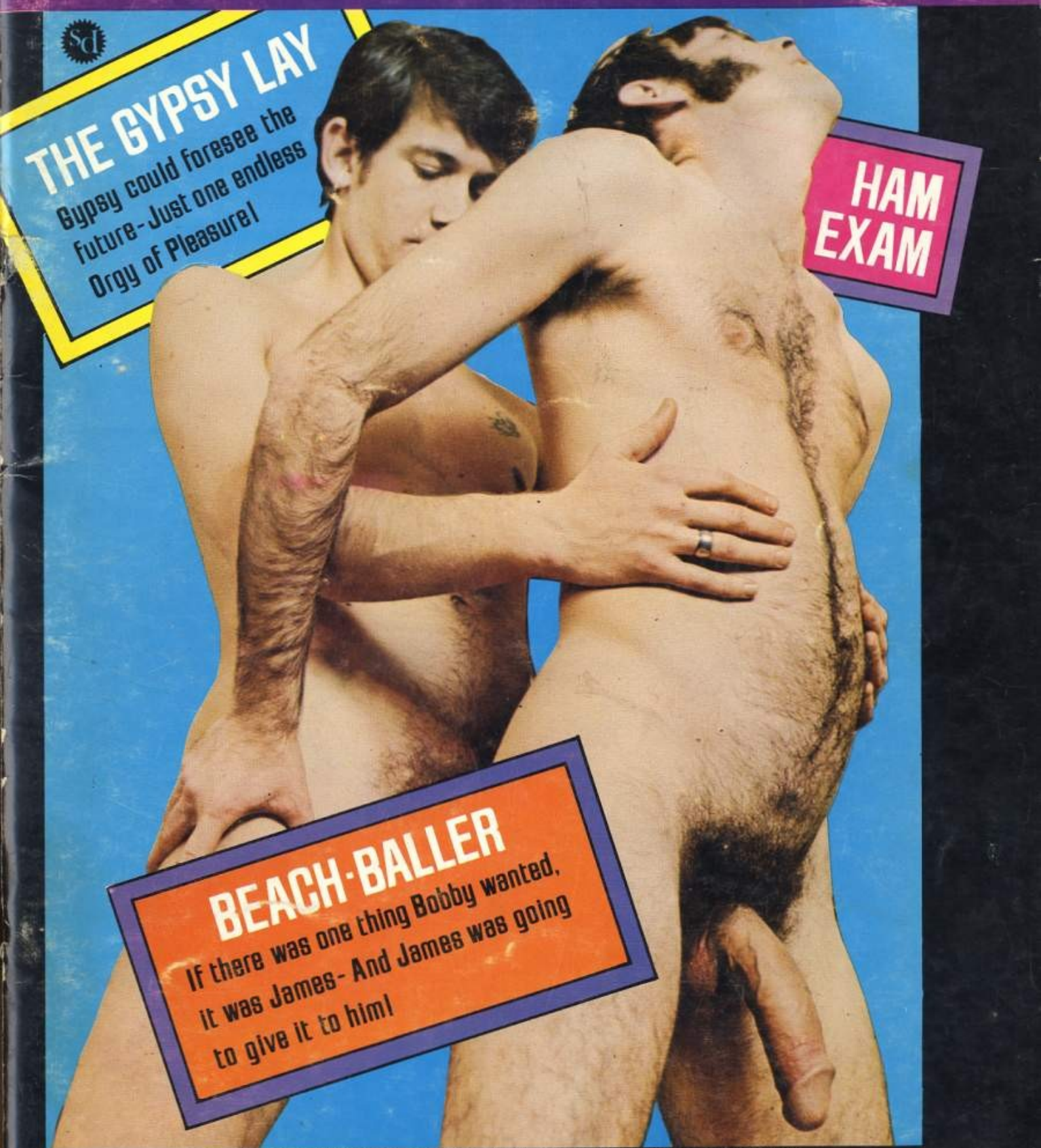
NO. 1



THE GYPSY LAY

Gypsy could foresee the future - Just one endless Orgy of Pleasure!

HAM EXAM

BEACH-BALLER

If there was one thing Bobby wanted, it was James - And James was going to give it to him!

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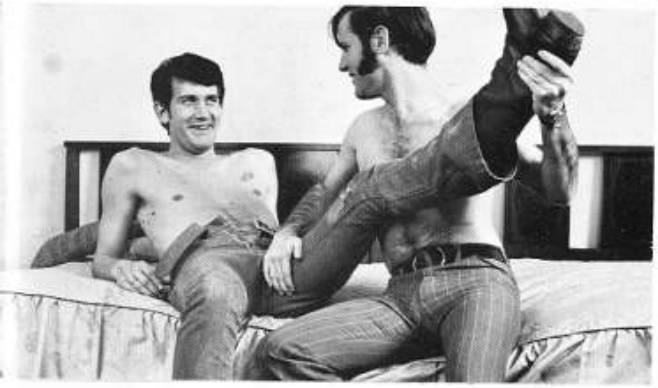


BOY WATCHERS

THE GYPSY LAY : . . . . . PAGE 4

Al's prick rose like a wilted tube reborn – thick and brutal looking, its engorged veins pulsing red blood giving the meaty tube a purplish hue – making it look even more brutal as the massive head weaved to and fro. It was fat and plump. Shaped like a flattened marshmellow except the same purple tint turned to brighter shades at the glans, giving the head a shiny, coral-colored texture. It was mean looking, and tough with the edge of the head overlapping the end of the root where Al was circumsized.

THE BOY-WATCHER . . . . . PAGE 12

His lips worked nimbly on the rigid tool, sucking and biting it until the nectar began to dribble from the slit in the fat mushroom head. Drew felt the constipating agony of blue-balls as he tried to come – but couldn't. The strokes went quickly, building up that dwelling – that feeling – that hot tickle deep inside of Drew's sweltering bastion of sex – in his scrotum – his brain – his entire being flashed with energy as he felt the superhuman surge of power which seized his nuts and sped the creamy lather through his glands –

HAM EXAM!! . . . . . PAGE 24

Matthew's fingers clawed the sheet, digging in as he erupted into a throbbing, thrashing surge of passion. His groin leapt into the air raising his exquisitely sculpted buttocks off the bed. Higher and higher he lifted, the ligaments and muscles straining in his thighs and back under the pressure. Wendell's mouth closed against the musky flesh as it lifted into his mouth. He tightened on the huge erection, all swollen and pinkish-red.

BEACH-BALLER! . . . . . PAGE 40

Bobby got hotter and hotter, the blood rushing to fill his face and make his breathing deep and heavy as his pulse raced to speed up with that tempo . . . his body raced to catch up and then Bobby realized that he had outrun that thing . . . he moaned and cooed and wanted to get to that feeling now – right now and James was coming in, slowly like a giant shadow being cast in a lit alley, small then spreading into a fan of gigantic proportions, sucking up all the light, all the energy and making everthing one as the stiffened prick went slippery wet and smooth – Bobby felt it – big and fat and godamn hot!

the GYPSY LAY -

Gypsy's place was more like a whorehouse than a fortune telling parlor. But that was because Gypsy didn't like very light or drab things – he liked color and the walls and ceilings were resplendent with shades of purple, red and orange, swirls of pastel pink, blue and yellow and glittering jewels and ornaments hanging everywhere.

Gypsy was a guy who had a lot of money. And for kicks he played a lot of practical jokes. But one day the joke ceased and it became a reality. Gypsy had wanted to be a fortune teller for a long time and he put on the act for a few days – just for kicks – well, after the days passed to weeks and then to months, everyone was calling Andrew Mellow the Third – another name. That of Gypsy.

So now Gypsy played it for real. And that's the truth. Like he would seduce guys by telling them that he would read their palms and wind up reading the pubic hairs on their individual cocks. Like the time with Broadway Al.

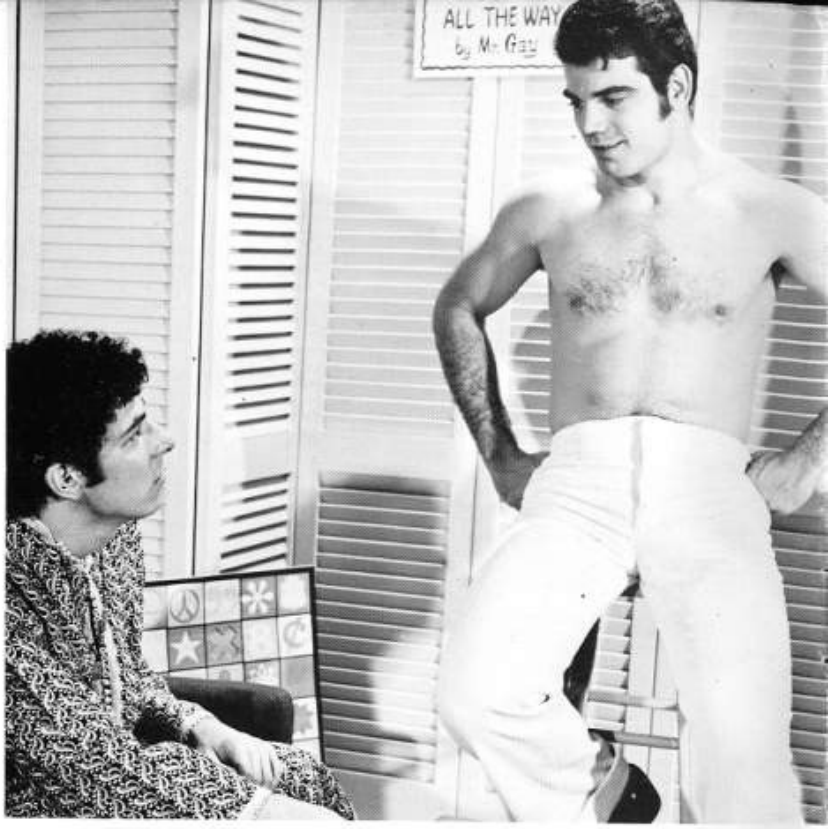
Broadway Al was a big stud who lived in the apartment next to Gypsy and eventhough he was clear as to his feelings for gay dudes, he liked Gypsy a lot. Everybody did.

One day Al came over to Gypsy's place. They had a few drinks and pretty soon Al was off on the usual bullshit, talking about mysticism and things when Gypsy got the idea to read his palm. Like Broadway Al was a little hesitant about it cause he was a ladie's man and 'no motherin' cocksucker was going to touch me!' – but Gypsy smoothed it over with his charm and pretty soon Al was real comfortable and Gypsy grabbed his hand from across the seat. Al jumped and Gypsy smiled widely:

"Now, Al, don't get nervous. Ya think I'm gonna try and slap the make on ya?" They both laughed.

An hour later Broadway Al was in Gypsy's bed. His legs were spread like he was doing the split. Wide and erotic. Al was a big, curly headed dude. Part Italian and something else which gave him the looks of a cross between Belmondo and Sharif – handsome and dark. Big muscular tendons stretched across his shoulder blades like an oxen yoke. Chest heaving, heart pacing rapidly. His eyes bulged wildly and Al had an expression of total ecstasy on his handsome face – like he was glowing yet grimacing from the deep, surely wielded blows which rained down his crotch. Up on top of him was Gypsy, his muscular body galloping like a stallion as he slammed between the legs of 'the ladie's man' whose asshole was getting reamed with a jaggernaut in full gear.

Slippery and shiny, the long stroking prick withdrew, then reentered the quivering hole which glistened with sweat and sperm. Al's cock was limp and hanging like a salami atop the sliding rail penetrating his a-hole faster and deeper. The cock was sucked dry, loose and flabby – although it's



formidable proportions still caused one to look on it with astonishment.

Gypsy's driving body, lean and angular bent all the way forward as he shuddered like an electric current shot through his brain – he flew backwards in a shower of sweat and sperm as the load erupted from within him.

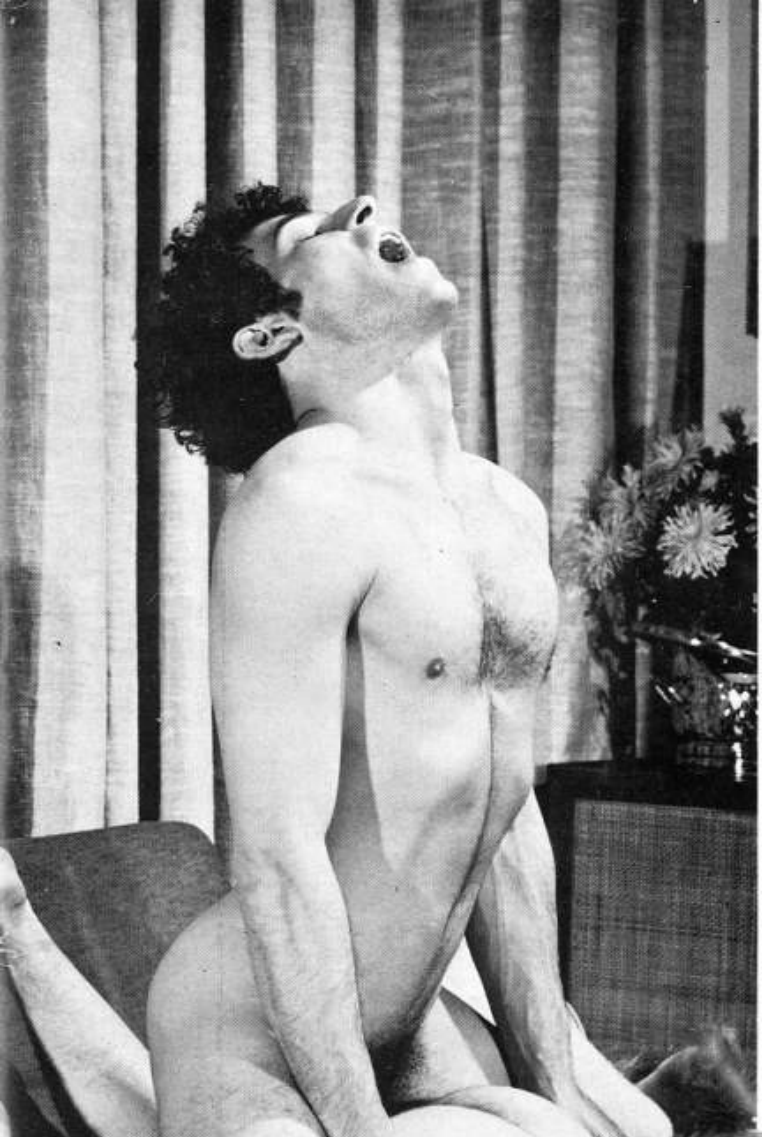
Laying at Al's feet, tired not satisfied, Gypsy began nibbling Al's toes – one by one. Until Al began to respond, twitching his digits, flinching a bit and his moaning began in low, muffled way. His massive arms lay at his side. His breathing was more shallow – more normal. Gypsy's tongue began the long stretch of skin between the toes and buttocks – nibbling, kissing, kicking, he stirred feelings in Al which no woman ever had been able to evoke in him. Gypsy was making Al a mass of motion, a mass of motion which quivered, shuddered and moaned – his huge torso writhed on the sheets and

his thickly roped forearms stiffened – the muscles and tendons popping from underneath his tanned skin – as his hands and fingers clawed the bed, raking it hard as the spasms of pure ecstasy ravaged his body – he convulsed and twitched more than before – his hairy matted groin lifted from the level position into the air, swishing and writhing in a primitive rhythm. Hard and tight, Al's prick rose like a wilted tube reborn – thick and brutal looking, it's engorged veins plusing red blood giving the meaty tube a purplish hue – making it look even more brutal as the massive head weaved to and fro. It was fat and plump. Shaped like a flattened marshmellow except the same purple tint turned to brighter shades at the glans, giving the head a shiny, coral colored texture. It was mean looking, and tough with the edge of the head overlapping the end of the root where Al was circumsized. It was long and shiny, flecks of dried sperm looking dully colored unerneath the spittle.

Gypsy's mouth came to the pulsing sac containing Al's nuts – big, rounded nuts – and he licked and kissed the hair-covered sac until Al let out a deep groan. . .

The quivering sac almost filled Gypsy's hot mouth. He got them both in his cavity, then shot one out after lolling it around, then the other – over and again as the sac became more swollen. He darted his tongue up and down the insides of Al's thighs, especially licking the area where the crotch formed at the vee.

Into Al's asshole he went, and the big man didn't know what to do except moan and moan some more. Al's brain was totally wasted. He was



ripped apart and now this flame of life whipped through him and he didn't know how to handle it – so Al grooved on the hot tongue of fire as it licked the delicate membrane inside his reamed out goodyhole. Heat seared him. He throbbed, and his prick felt as if it was going to break – split wide open from the pressure – the muscles wanted to get out – to burst through the thin membrane of reddened skin that shone like brown licorice.

Then the rush came – almost immediately – Gypsy got the lengthy pipe of love in between his lips and kissed the root – played with it masterfully, his tongue and lips working as one to bring Al time and again to the brink of ecstasy – Al didn't know what end was up. Al was feeling the rhythmic stroking as it increased in tempo – quick and rapid like a pneumatic drill – Pump, pump, suck, slurp, pump, slurp! Slippery spittle engulfed the palpitating cock – it's tube filled with fluid which rushed through the balls to the tunnel which erupted out the end of Al's meat-treat.

Eruption after eruption spurt forth, gushing wads of hot sexsperm flowed into Gypsy, some seeping between his lips as he enjoyed all the hot love filling his throat – he totally engulfed Al's prick and let the spurting hot lava jump into his mouth. It was wet and warm and savory with a quality of taste unlike any other delicacy available on earth.

THE BOY WATCHER

Barnard Kenyon was one of those guys who silently, mysteriously appears from nowhere and then you notice him – just like that. Just noticing him noticing you. He likes to watch, that man does. Oh yes, he enjoys watching very much. Barnard had a lot of money so he involved himself with two major subjects: sex and academics. Academics being second – pronouncedly so. And if it wasn't for the fantastic supply of young men at the universities, I doubt if Barnard would have attended.

Barnard could usually be seen down at the Ivory Pub. A quiet bar for gay birds at the end of Eaton Street, near Brighton. He always had his 'bird' with him – meaning the young lad he was keeping at the time.

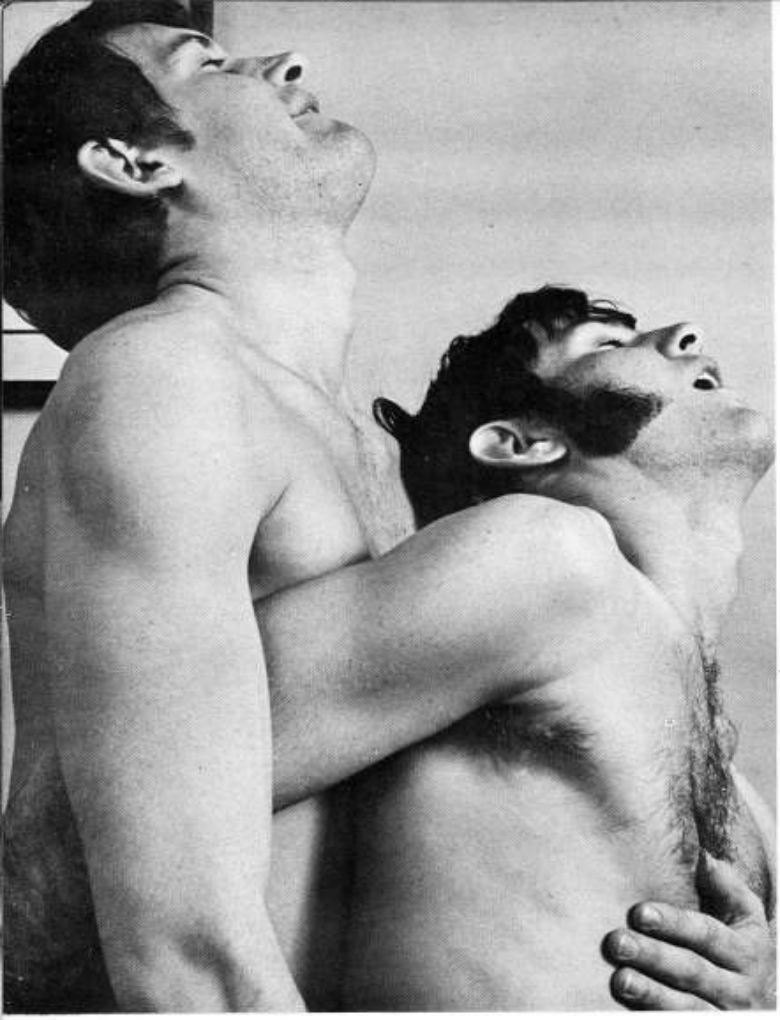
In order for a young man to be kept by Barnard he had to possess two basic qualities: physical desirability (meaning cock length and physique, the former being the more important) and the acceptance of the attitude of voyeurism, sexually. Which is what Barnard was; a watcher.

Barnard would sit at the table near the back of the bar. When a hot prospect entered the bar, then Barnard's bird would attend to the man – right away. This was accomplished by a formal invitation to join Mister Kenyon and company for some drink and a bunch of fun.

One evening a very striking lad walked through the old-style swinging doors of the Ivory Pub. He was dark, and exotic looking. Tall, well-built and issuing a very effective magnetic force he caught Barnard's gaze. The man was immediately overwhelmed with the invitation. And being the shy type he refused the query. Needless to say, Barnard was angry and fuming because this man had the audacity to turn down such a wonderful treat.

After a few more times the dark, handsome youth just gave in and came to sit with Barnard. He was informed of the offer and the young man by the name of Drew accepted. After all, Barnard's 'bird' was a wonderfully perfect representation of what a man should look like – tall and slender, but with plenty of meat in the loins, chest and arms. A thick wrestler's neck held his head up, roped and strong. And his basket literally bulged from the crotch, like it was bursting to get out through the material.

At Barnard's apartment the men all drank some more, and then Drew began to relax. Barnard asked them to undress, as they sat across from him. Their



naked splendor excited him, and he stared at Drew's thick, long cock with deep concentration. Then, with a fluid motion, Barnard abruptly bid them goodnight and went off to his chamber.

In the chamber was a one-way mirror wall which gave Barnard the perfect view which he wanted. Then the action began as he watched with content amusement the foreplay of the two boys – one not knowing that he was being watched.

But the amazing thing was that this new boy was even weirder than Barnard was – he informed his friend that he was only going to bed with him, if they made love under the sheets – it was fucking hysterical.

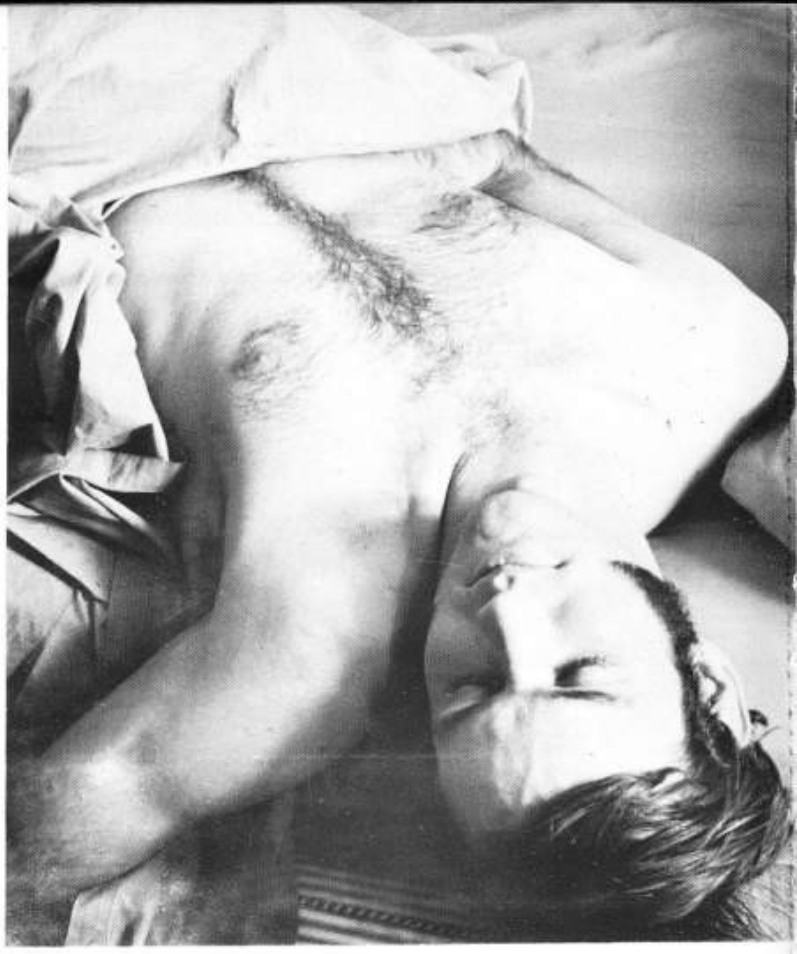
Barnard was really pissed but the boys, nevertheless, got under the sheets and George, Barnard's 'bird,' thought the opportunity to pull a prank on Barnard was superb! They toyed and fell and played underneath and on top of the sheets but when it was down to the nitty-gritty the boys disappeared under the sheets.

The tantilizing taste of cock permeated George as he tasted this man's penis in his meaty clefts. Juicy, abundant and filling – it was hot, steaming prick which felt nice and warm inside of George. His lips worked nimbly on the rigid tool, sucking and biting it until the nectar began to dribble from the slit in the fat mushroom head. George licked it right up, gobbling the pipe hoping more would come his way.

Drew felt the constipating agony of blue-balls as he tried to come – but couldn't. The strokes went quickly, building up that dwelling – that feeling – that hot tickle deep inside of Drew's sweltering bastion of sex – in his scrotum – his brain – his entire being flashed with energy as he felt the superhuman surge of power which seized his nuts and sped the creamy lather through his glands – and spilling it out into the hot funnel of George's mouth.

Goo – hot and white – streamed from Drew into the open pit – fleshy and waiting to receive the goblet of lovewater as it poured into his mouth making him all hot and sexy as he swallowed the load only to be filled up again by the writhing, ass of humaness smacking its tool into him over and over and over and Barnard – poor Barnard had to beat his meat to magazines tonight. What a fucking shame!

"What'd you say," asked a moaning Drew, but the muffled answer from George's filling mouth was unintelligible – just his smile was there – bright and happy.



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Blue-grey wisps of cigarette smoke curled high in the air. A direct beam of intense light, like a laser ray, penetrated the darkness. Wendell's hands massaged each other, the cigarette slipping between his dexterious fingers as they wound, one around the other. His heart beat rapidly – the flushes reddened his cheeks like rouge.

He focused sharply on the colored shadows of film. Flesh white mingled in yellows and blues. Movements flickered across the screen. Wendell's eyes squinted – intense concentration – trying to see the entire picture – the entire scope – the entire mixture of shadowed colors which focused into the fat, spongy cock of one young boy.

Wendell's prick rose to the erotic stimulus. Quivering folds of flesh tightened and contracted into throbbing, stiff meat – the erect muscle poked a tent in his crotch. He touched it – his fingers deftly massaged his mushroom head, kneading the tender knob with sweet affection.

The two boys on the screen continued uninterrupted. Standing side by side they smiled at the camera naked. The lens flashed to their engorged cocks – stiffened poles of flesh, stretched and erect, ready for action – but the action is delayed – a technician clothed in a white smock enters with a tape measure. He places it to one of the boys' organs – "ten inches – got that?" he yells to an unseen cohort. "Ten inches – now the other – eleven inches – eleven!" another technician writes the data down and the boys, technicians and tape measure are replaced in a flash by a clinical scene with a greyhaired, distinguished looking doctor, seated behind a mammouth desk, who explains in detail the clinical pathology of abnormally large pricks.

The doctor is off and the scene is again different – cocks like you've never seen before – big and little, fat and skinny – all kinds, shapes and sizes.

Wendell is thrusting with passion, all the stiff flesh throbbing out in the open – betwixt the opened chrome zipper of his slacks. His hands delicately grasp the organ – a huge tower of elongated meat, packed solid with reddened muscle. Up and down up and down ever so smoothly he strokes – stroke – stroke – ah, the feeling excites him even more now. Wendell begins to squirm.

A buzzer sounds on the far wall.

"Godamn it! Son of a bitch, every time I . . ." he mutters as his voice trails off into incoherent passages of anger and frustration. Hopping up from the chair he switches off the projector. Light floods the room.

In the next room, Wendell's office, he answers the telephone-intercom. "Who is it?" his voice very irritated. His nurse informs him of an emergency patient, a one Mister Helm. Wendell's face lights up. He remembers Matthew Helm very well, very well indeed.

In examining room number one, Matthew Helm undresses as the nurses asked. His magnificent physique bulges out from all angles as he takes off the sheer pullover he is wearing. Then his pants come down, exposing every ecstatic inch of his masculine splendor – thick, meaty thighs with tanned flesh stretching to the athletic curve of his calves. Huge biceps sheath the length of his upper arms, the triceps making a sizeable influence from the underside. These throngs of sexy sinew flank a picture-book chest-wide and massive held firmly with thick lats which laced his torso like cordons of rope.

The door opens. Wendell walks to his patient, all big and throbbing, just waiting for Wendell's sterile mouth to stretch its sensuous lips around the piercing stave of his gigantic cock. "Matthew, it's so good to see you. Is anything wrong or do you want to see me for something else – other than my professional knowledge?" a smile crossed Wendell's face.

"I have this terrible throbbing in my basket, Wendell. I thought it might be some type of urinary infection. It's been burning the shit out of me lately. Do you want to take a look?" he said completely ignoring the salutation.

"Well my dear boy, if you've been messing around with the frigging queens that I saw you with last month at the island, then maybe you have the ginge or something – your tool may be full of fucking poison, old boy. Christ, I'd hate to think of that fine leg going to the surgeon's knife – split open and . . . "

"Cut the shit, Wendell. Stop teasing me, just because I haven't called or anything for the last few weeks. I've been busy, you know?"

"Sure I do," a sly smirk registering on Wendell's features. "Anytime you need a lay, or want some ups you come to dear old Doc . . . well, buddy boy, zip up the basket and let's stop the games. If you have a real infection, then I'll fix you up – but no more bullshit. I've had enough of it. If you want to be sincere with me, then I'll reciprocate, but if you want to just bop on over for some kicks – go someplace else!" Wendell's entire body shot forth when he yelled at Matthew. In the recesses of his mind Wendell was laughing like a fool. Had the boy

fallen for his act? Of course he had. Look at the dumb, confused expression on his face. He doesn't know whether to shit or go blind! Why I would never refuse such a handsome prick – but this stud has to be taught a lesson. If he wants to drink from my fountain, damn it, he's going to do it on my terms.

"Listen Wendell" – the boy's face filled with remorse – "I'm sorry about this. I didn't mean to hurt you so. I never thought you really cared for me. But I'm not teasing. I really do have this pain in the base of my cock and it gets worse when I have an erection. Please. Wendell, please help me and I won't pull any shit on you again, I promise!"

Wendell looked grim – almost deadpan – he thought, "you're never going to pull anything on me again because I won't let you, you goodlooking bastard" – Wendell's eyes narrowed to slits as the devil danced St. Vitus in his brain.

"Get up on the bed and let me have a look at this 'problem' of yours," the accent dramatically put on the 'problem' as Wendell continued to tease his friend. The handsome footballer hefted himself to the soft bed and spread his legs wide. Wendell donned his examining equipment and looked at Matthew through tiny mirrored prisms and tiny holes until he came to the organ of interest. He leaned forward, his face almost touching the limp

tool.

Matthew felt warm breath being blown across his groin. The rapid tingling felt so good and soft as it swept across his pubis. The warmth rose to heat – intensity getting hotter and hotter – tingling screamed through his balls and up the underside of his gigantic root.

"Oh Matthew," Wendell's voice was softer now, more peaceful, "I think the best method of finding out your problem is extreme diagnosis, and that means I will have to induce the symptoms of this malady."

Matthew didn't quite understand. Not until he felt Wendell's wet tongue flicking his knob, throbbing spasms gripping him. It was soft and warmer than ever. Hot breath and moist dew clung to his tool as it stiffened and quivered with excitement.

Matthew's fingers clawed the sheet, digging in as he erupted into a throbbing, thrashing surge of passion. His groin leapt into the air raising his exquisitely sculpted buttocks off the bed. Higher and higher he lifted, the ligaments and muscles straining in his thighs and back under the pressure. Wendell's mouth closed against the musky flesh as it lifted into his mouth. He tightened on the huge erection, all swollen and pinkish-red. The knob felt like a tough, fibrous wild mushroom embedded in the meaty clefts of his cheeks. The red, juicy cleft – fat, stiff cock pushing against the walls – deep

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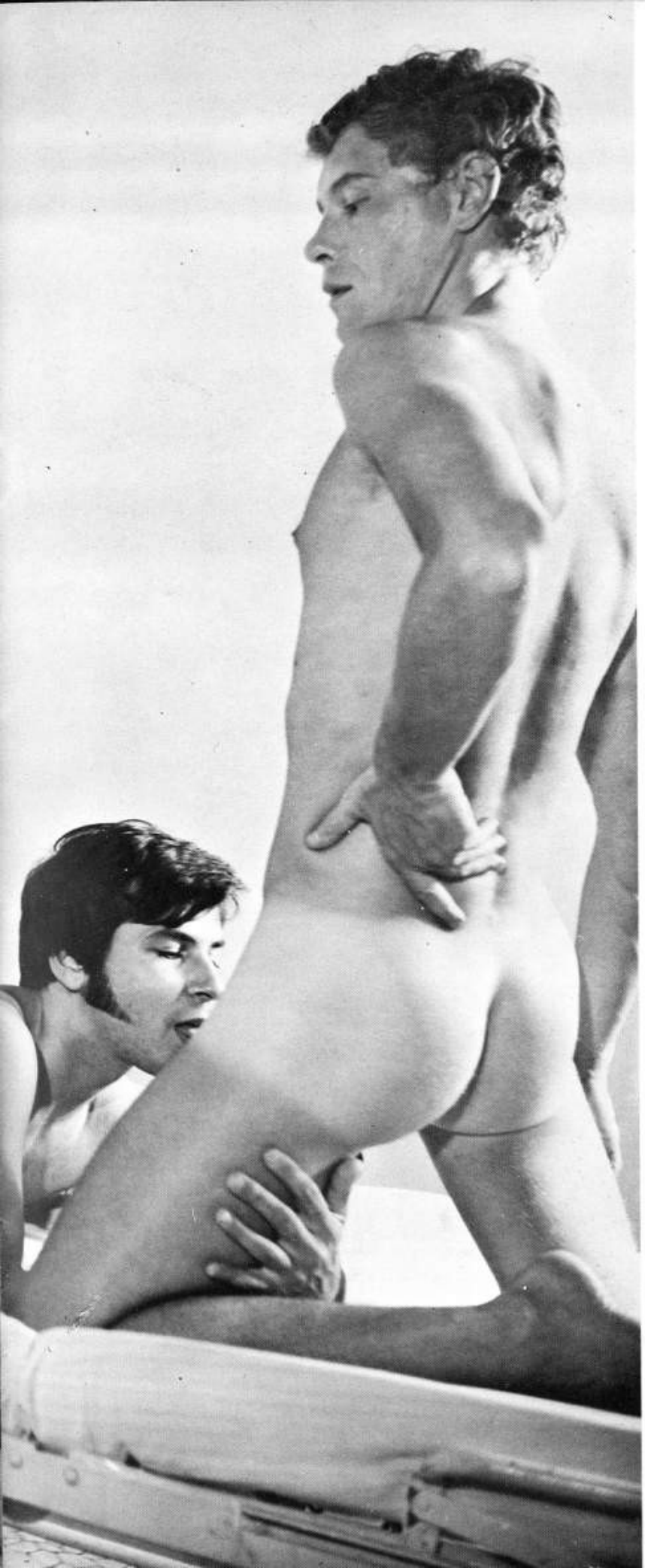


rivers of passion flowing down Wendell's throat – he gulped and his tongue rolled over the head, feeling the prickly bumps of flesh rubbing against the prickly bumps on his tongue. Tastebuds of experience capturing the savory goodness of that cap attached to the stem attached to the root atttached to the sac and balls which hung underneath Wendell's dimpled chin.

Wendell was on the bed. His mouth was empty, except for the pink tongue rolling against the inner gums of his desire. He was naked and unashamed. His pecker was rigid and long – more slender than Matthew's, but almost as long with an abnormally large head which resembled a small boulder.

Wendell's body, slender yet sinewy – in a lanky way, lay lengthwise across Matthew. His balls and cock were pressed against Matthew's chest with the organ sticking halfway out in front of his face. Wendell said that it wasn't such a good idea, but Matthew suggested that they get on their sides and writhing a moment it was a perfect set-up.

Matthew's hands gripped Wendell's lovetool fondly, as he feathered and teased the tender joint with light strokes of his fingers.

Wendell's mouth was stroking his friend's glistening organ with long, fluid strokes . . . breaking a moment he asked, "Well, does it throb with pain yet? Do you feel anything unusual?"

Matthew answered that he felt a strong burning deep in his root. That it was beginning to hurt. To which Wendell replied, "Well, we'll have to really get this thing out in the open and then I'll be able to discern better what it may be," when in his mind, Wendell knew that Matthew had a minor urinary infection and nothing infectious at all. But this was Wendell's way of playing out the masterful artist – the masterful sadist – the way he wanted Matthew to get on his knees and kiss his ass, and lick his balls and scream for mercy, to please stop the torture, that he (Matthew) would never be unworthy of him again!

He continued to suck and fondle Matthew's shiny staff. Heat surged through the enormous rod. Wendell was getting so hot that his balls were on fire.

Drawing hot flesh into his cavernous mouth thrilled Wendell like nothing on earth did nor could. Excited and frenzied, Wendell stroked the smooth, wet flesh with his pebbly tongue feeling curved walls of solid, living muscle throbbing softly. He moved his head faster, lurching farther and farther forward, gobbling up more and more centimeters of jolly, cherubic cock. It glowed and Wendell throbbed, he bobbed, and weaved, as the muscles of his neck craned and craned. Hot, sucking, wet

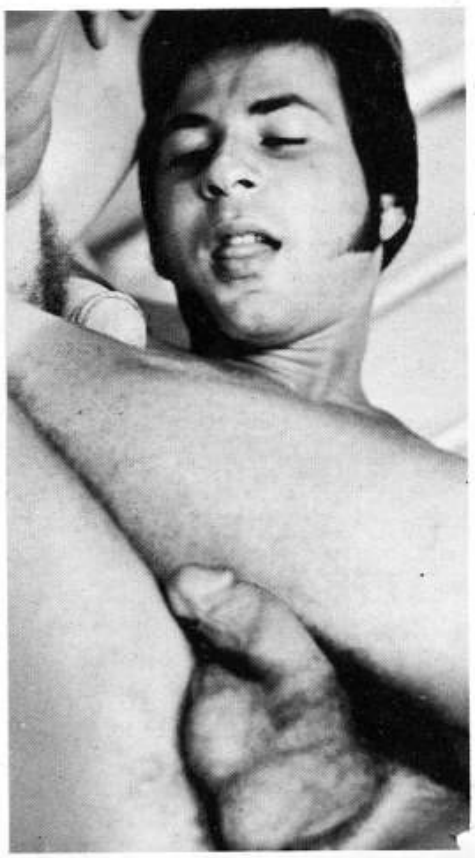
flashes of throbbing, beating, pounding cock, prick rod, stiff penis rammed into his meaty throat, deep, long snake winding its way down the dark path of his esophogus, cramming full the epiglottis, filling the tube of life, beginning peristolesis until his esophogus contracted and expanded like the walls of a tight cunt, the peristolic action being forced into heaving, rupturing ejaculatic spasms. Deeper and deeper the penetrating cock went and with a mighty heave fro into Wendell's face, the hairy groin rammed once, twice and again, the balls a massive sac of bloated nuts as they slammed into Wendell's chin giving Matthew a little more torture – the pain in his pecker being ten times as great as it was before.

Matthew's face was contorted into weird mixture of pain and pleasure – his great nuts almost black and blue from the constant abuse against Wendell's chin – his cock a mass of throbbing, searing fire – the burning was horrible and so agonizing yet that shrill chill sped through Matthew's body giving him a pleasure thrill.

"Oh, jeezus, stop – STOP! It's killing – gasp – burning my – uh, uh, – cock – it's oh jeezuss burning me alive – I can't take it anymore – oooh!" his voice swooning with the last syllable, as he threw his head hack, the whites of his bulging, glassed over eyes rolling around in his head and sunken, sallow cheeks he looked like a pulverized man. He was pulverized, but with sudden realization – utter horror registered on his face animating him grotesquely as Matthew realized that he was going to shoot his, thick miserable load right into Wendell and that when the sperm passes through his cockhead he will scream like he never screamed before and the pain will kill him and then –

He looked down at the leering Wendell, whose mouth was crammed full of Matthew's prick, and with his hands raising over his head, mouth hung wide as a barngate open and he shreiked "NO! NO!" and muffled out as the gonads thrust their burst after burst of thick, textured cum spewing out searing fire. His body jerked and tossed with convulsions as the sperm kept coming through the mushroom cap into the waiting doctor.

Doctor Wendell Baxter buttoned his white smock, turned to Matthew (who was probably unconscious) and said, "I don't see any problem with your urinary canel – it seems to work rather well." And he walked out of the room.



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BEACH-BALLER

Lifeguarding can be a very profitable job as well as a sport. The art of lifeguarding was well taken by a young man with a cock of a large nature. His fortune was to have hundreds of women, very voluptuous and well-shaped with enormous jiggling breasts just gurgling over him. He was followed and propositioned and smothered by their affection – but his fortune was not to shape his head for he had already chosen his game – his quarry – his men!

Sitting high above the bobbing heads and bosoms and asses wading below him in the cool water, gave James a good feeling. Especially when he spied an exceptional basket all wet with the cock neatly outlined under flimsy material. That's how he wrangled young Bobby Malone into bed. Just by the mere fact that Bobby came out of the waves one day with the godamnest erection a man ever had. That's when James quietly told himself that Bobby Malone was to be his piece of meat.

The first time was in the cabanas. Bobby asked James for a light as James was walking from the guard station after work. Bobby was seduced so fast that he didn't know what sucked him. Except that it was so good that they were going to spend a weekend together at Hunter Beach. Expenses paid for by Bobby's rich father – who had the idiotic belief that his son was spending the money on some cute young cunt! Wow, and was James ever a cute young cunt.

Bobby loved to place his tool into Jame's asshole, right into the cleavage and let it sit there – then one night when he pulled the routine, at Hunter Beach as a matter of fact, James called his attention to this cruelly frustrating thing that he was doing.

"Look here Bobby – like this is bullshit what you're doing to my brains – look, if you want to torture me any more then keep on putting your stick up my asshole and not doing anything but let it sit there – like it's dead or something. Well, it

excites the shit outta me so please stop – or start, but don't sit in the middle of the fucking road!"

Bobby looked up at his master like a dog. He was visually sorry but he explained to James that he didn't know what to do, or how to go about it. So James took it from there.

"Well, next time something like this happens please ask me, so we can save ourselves a lot of trouble." Looking down again at the bed he concentrated on a spot for a moment, then turning to Bobby he said, "So here is what's gonna happen. Like I'm going to teach you how to do it, but the first thing is the feeling! You just have to have that feeling and the best way I know how to express that feeling is to let you experience it – so turn on your side," his arms instructing Bobby as to what to do.

The young boy lay on his side, exposing a sweet flank, all smooth and nice. His hand went behind his back, in a moment of apprehension, and he gripped Jame's cock, squeezing tightly on the swollen member – so erect and throbbing with life.

James bent down and swung one leg over Bobby, straddling the boy's body. James was deft and sure – his thick shaft, although not unusually long made up dearly in its breadth – an extremely thick member – his fingers crept into the cleavage which was so damp and dark, but sexily erotic. He played with the smooth membrane lining the asshole, the sweet knot of purple meat guarding the entrance to his cave – and the finger went in – deeply at first then slowly withdrawing. Lubricant smeared the finger and James felt a damp, hot feeling through the digit.

Bobby's hole was getting all hot and wet – and slimy and ready for a stiff thunderbolt which James was going to deliver. Bobby lay firmly on the mattress – he wasn't thinking about anything – just feeling that strange feeling that he felt long ago when he explored his body and stuck his index finger up his asshole feeling that bizarre yet strangely erotic sensation deep in his rectum. He wiggled his ass around as James began to play games with his hole.

Bobby got hotter and hotter, the blood rushing to fill his face and make his breathing deep and heavy as his pulse raced to speed up with that tempo – that delicious tempo .which was getting faster and hotter and it was coming and coming fast – like he felt it and he raced, his whole body raced to catch up and then Bobby realized that he had outrun that thing – that feeling that was coming and he was beyond it – like all he was waiting for, now he had to wait and he moaned and cooed and wanted to get to that feeling now – right now and James was coming in, slowly like a giant shadow being cast in a lit alley, small then spreading into a fan of gigantic proportions sucking up all the light, all the energy and making everything one as the stiffened prick went slippery wet and smooth – and

Bobby felt it – big and fat and godamn hot!

Wedging his throbbing prick into Bobby's asshole, James felt the erotic passion sweep through his body, feeling the walls of the smooth cleavage, the ripe valley parted by mother hole, against his cock – smoothly slipping in. Pressing gently yet excited and hot, the walls closed in around his cock and he felt it deep in his balls that feeling which started at the head and spread like instant lightning to his stem – that root – that motherin' root where the tickle started the flow which ran through him hot and wet and gooey – faster and faster he climbed on and higher they went – the waves climbed and spilled over – higher to the wall until almost all of the breadth of the wave was over and exposed right from the crescent to its pithy base – the depth.

The depth of the shaft was like a miner's hollow where they go in with trolleys and picks and rapidly go deeper and deeper into the caverns so dark and mysterious.

He hit deep and the base of his cock was wet with cum from seepage and he went deeper until all of Bobby's legs were in the air and he was flat on his back and now it was changed – like he was a chick and he felt like a chick with his legs all spread and that piledriver smashing away, the rim of his cock slamming into Bobby's asshole ring with tremendous force and then Bobby was filled with this cock which threatened to split him wide open and his guts would spill out! But Bobby held on digging his fingers deep into his lover's back, holding dearly for life as it went in and he felt all of the fat meat fill him and swell his body and shoot through his brain. He squeezed his eyes tight when old James came right through him with a power strike and blew his cookies all over the place – hot, spermy cream shot from James'red cocksplit and exploded within Bobby's asshole and Bobby recieved the flow, then clenched his sphincter to feel that ecstactic feel of cock and semen together all slimy and hot and wonderfully filling.

Then later he did it to James and that was something to see. Nobody had ever made James cry. That's when James asked Bobby to marry him.

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